TV COMIC

Free inside: 4 colour portraits, including DUSTY SPRINGFIELD!

6D

Every Monday — Week Ending 30th January, 1965 — Number 685

POPEYE

POPEYE... ARE YOU GOING OUT?

YES! I YAM GOING OUT ON BUSINESS!

BUT, POPEYE!

CAN'T STOP NOW... I'M LATE AS IT IS!

POPEYE ...LISTEN

OH, POPEYE... JUST A MOMENT...

LATER, OLIVE...

...I'LL BE BACK IN ONE HOUR!

POPEYE ...WAIT!

AH! MY FRIEND, WOULD YOU ALLOW ME ONE SECOND OF YOUR TIME...!

DON'T BOTHER ME, WIMPY... I'VE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP!

WAIT! HOLD IT! UNCA POPEYE

WHY DON'T YOU ALL STOP BOTHERING A MAN WHEN HE'S IN A HURRY!

?

WE JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT GRANDPA WAS FIXING THE FRONT STEPS!

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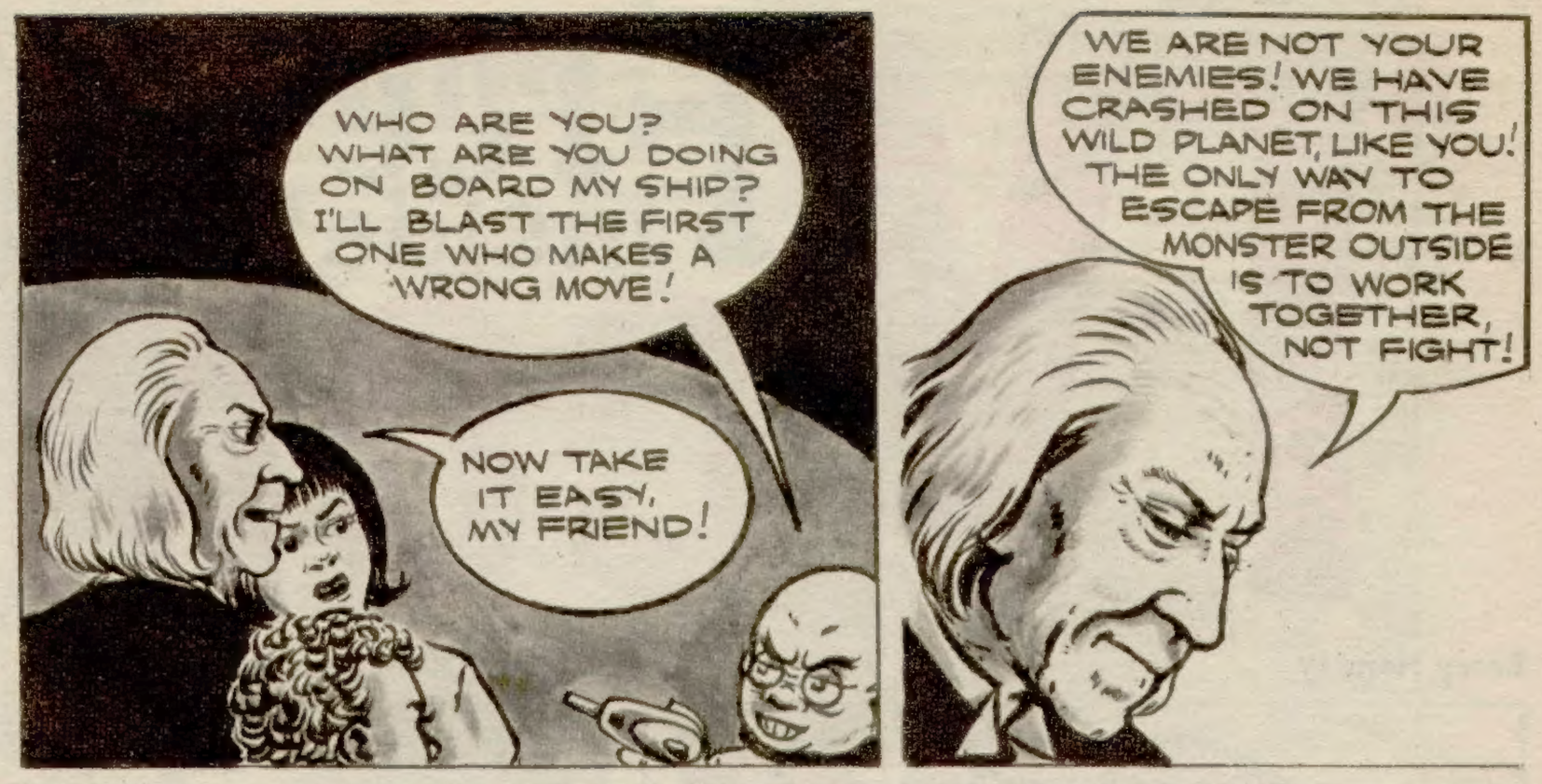
DOCTOR WHO

JOURNEYING through time and space, Dr Who, with John and Gillian, have to make an emergency landing on a small, barren planet. Menaced by a giant lizard, they take shelter in a spaceship that has crashed on the planet. But fresh danger awaits them . . .


WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON BOARD MY SHIP? I'LL BLAST THE FIRST ONE WHO MAKES A WRONG MOVE!
NOW TAKE IT EASY, MY FRIEND!
WE ARE NOT YOUR ENEMIES! WE HAVE CRASHED ON THIS WILD PLANET, LIKE YOU! THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE MONSTER OUTSIDE IS TO WORK TOGETHER, NOT FIGHT!
THE SPACEMAN TELLS HIS STORY . . .
MY NAME IS GRIG, AND I COME FROM THE PLANET THEROS, MANY MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY!
"A STRANGE WEAKNESS HAS GRIPPED THE PEOPLE OF THEROS . . ."
GRIG, YOU MUST SEARCH THE UNIVERSE FOR HELP! YOU ARE THE ONLY THEROVIAN FREE FROM THIS TERRIBLE WEAKNESS THAT IS CRIPPLING OUR PLANET!
I WILL LEAVE AT ONCE, PRESIDENT!
"I BEGAN MY DESPERATE TRIP INTO SPACE . . ."
NO WORK IS DONE—EVERY MACHINE IS IDLE! UNLESS I CAN FIND A CURE FOR MY PEOPLE, THEROS IS DOOMED!
"ON, ON, I TRAVELLED, SEARCHING FOR A FRIENDLY PLANET, THEN . . ."
THE METEORITES SENT MY SHIP PLUNGING DOWN! NOW WE ARE THREATENED BY THIS MONSTER—AND I DO NOT KNOW IF THE SHIP WILL WORK! CAN WE ESCAPE IN YOUR CRAFT?

© BBC tv 1965

WE WILL HELP YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE, GRIG – BUT WE CANNOT USE THE TARDIS AT THE MOMENT, FOR THE CONTROLS ARE DAMAGED... BUT I WILL FIX YOUR SPACE SHIP.

NEXT MOMENT...

THE MONSTER IS ATTACKING AGAIN! WE MUST GET THIS SHIP OFF THE GROUND OR THE BEAST WILL COMPLETELY WRECK IT!

DOCTOR WHO WORKS FEVERISHLY ON THE CONTROLS OF THE DAMAGED SPACE SHIP...

TRY FIRING THE ROCKETS, GRIG! SEE IF THE SHIP WILL LIFT! WE CAN'T SURVIVE A BATTERING LIKE THIS!

THE ROCKET MOTORS ARE FIRING! WE'RE STARTING TO LIFT!

BUT CAN WE MAKE IT BEFORE THE MONSTER BATTERS THE SHIP AGAIN?

WE'VE DONE IT!

WE'LL HEAD FOR THEROS – SEE IF YOU CAN HELP MY PEOPLE, TIME TRAVELLERS!

LET'S HOPE THE TARDIS WILL BE SAFE UNTIL WE RETURN – IF WE RETURN FROM THE DANGERS THAT LIE AHEAD!

NEVILLE MAIN

Can Dr. Who help the people of Theros?—don't miss next week's TV comic.

Foo Foo and GOGO

by Halas & Batchelor

I'VE JUST THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF IRONING MY SHIRTS...

DRIP-DRY SHIRTS! I'VE BOUGHT ONE FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK!

END OF THE WEEK...

SEE? NOW I JUST HANG THEM OUT TO DRIP DRY!

OH DEAR—IT'S RAINING! NOW I CAN'T HANG MY SHIRTS OUTSIDE...

NOT TO WORRY—I CAN HANG THEM UP ON THE PULLEY IN THE KITCHEN! —UP WE GO!

YEOW!

ZONK!

GRR! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING—YERK!

SWISH!

HA-HA-HA! YOU'LL SOON REVIVE UNDER THE DRIPS!

YOOPS!

SLIP!

HAW-HAW! LOOK AT THAT! HAW-HAW-HAW!

SPLOSH!

DON'T WORRY, OLD CHAP—I'VE JUST THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM—

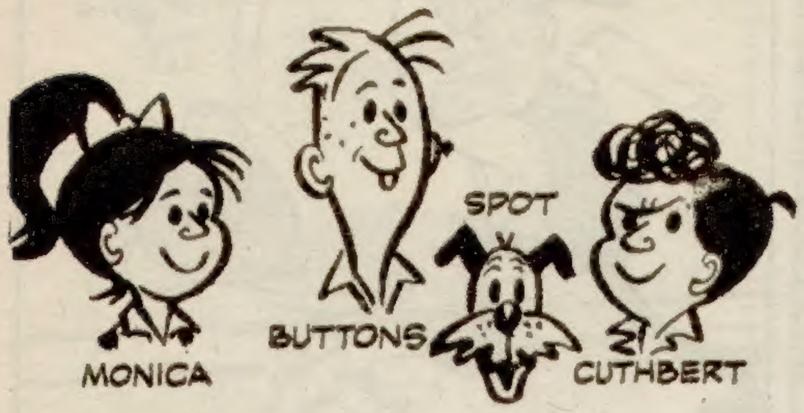
DRIP-DRY!

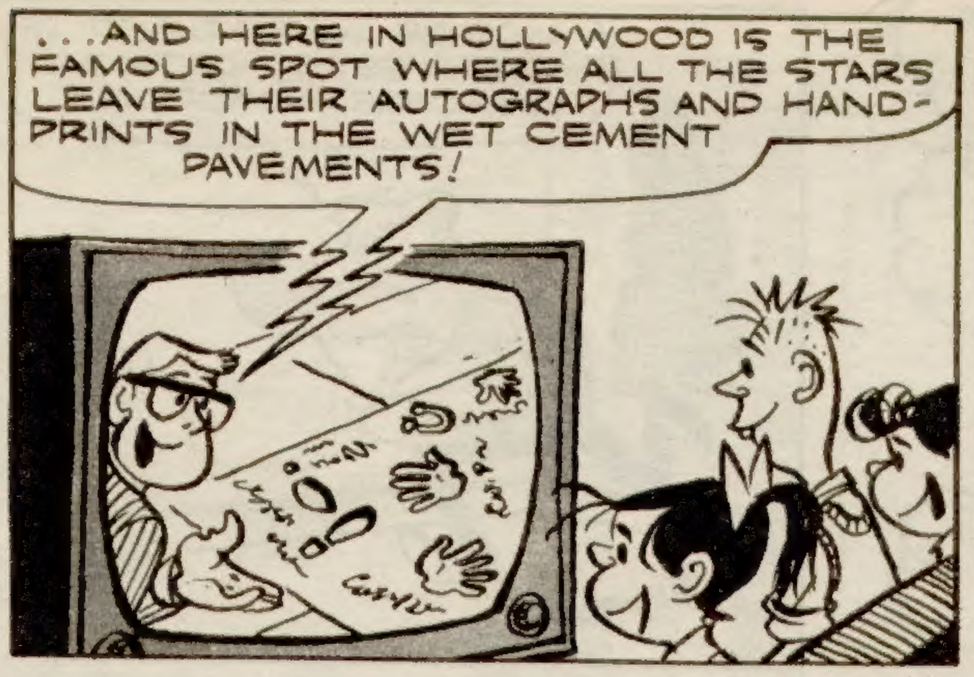
ZONK!

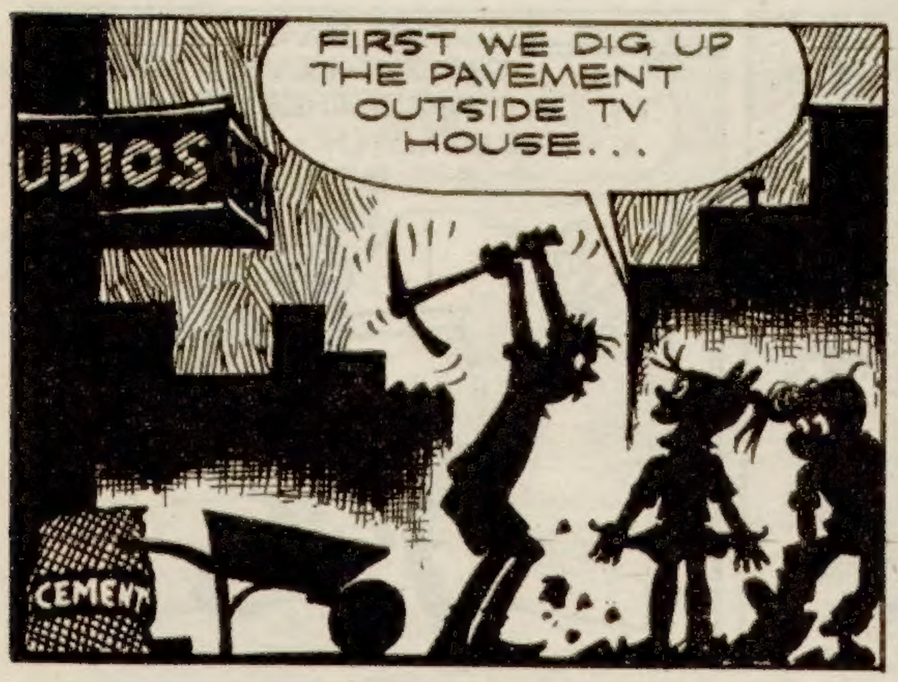
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

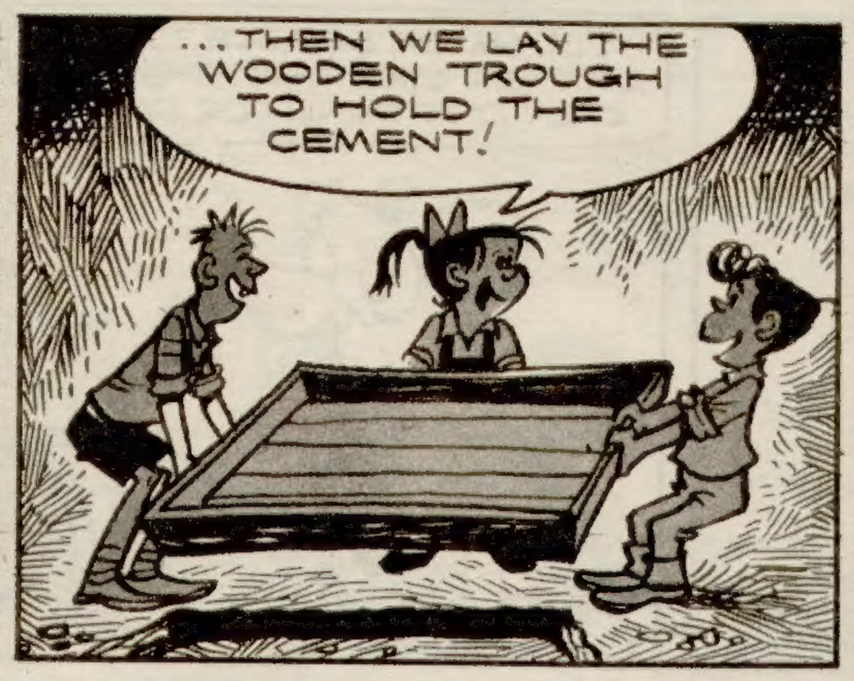
There's CATastrophy in next week's Foo Foo.

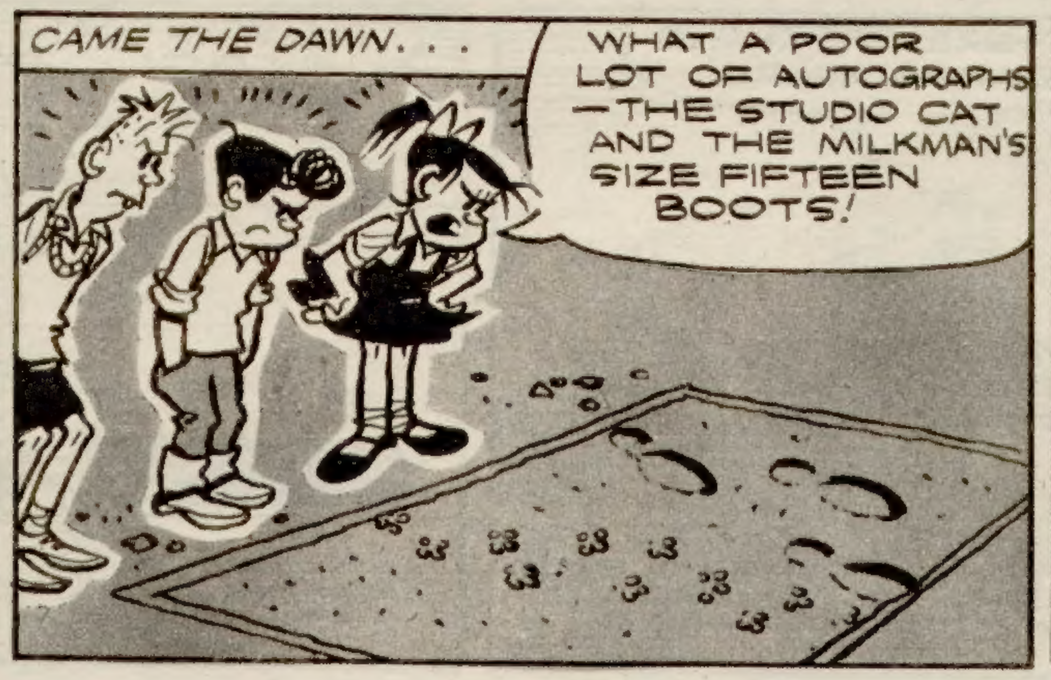
TV TERRORS

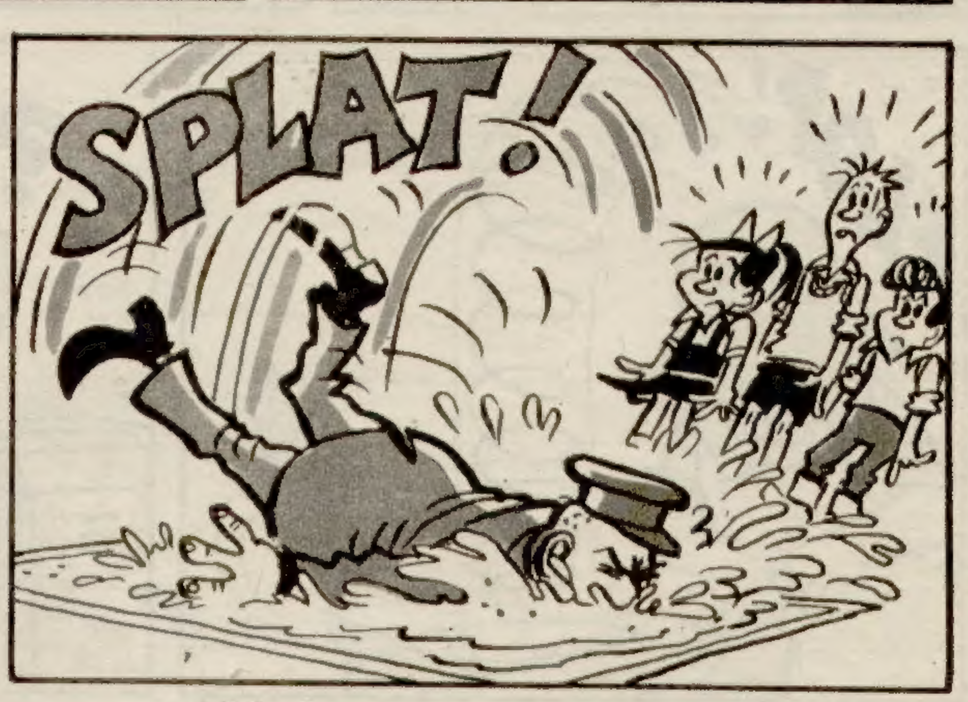



...AND HERE IN HOLLYWOOD IS THE FAMOUS SPOT WHERE ALL THE STARS LEAVE THEIR AUTOGRAPHS AND HAND-PRINTS IN THE WET CEMENT PAVEMENTS!



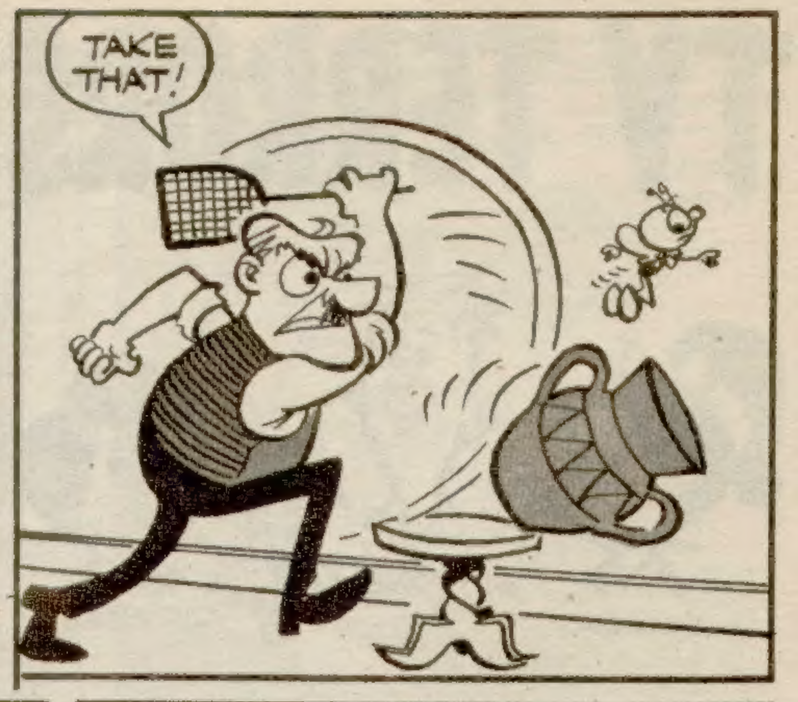


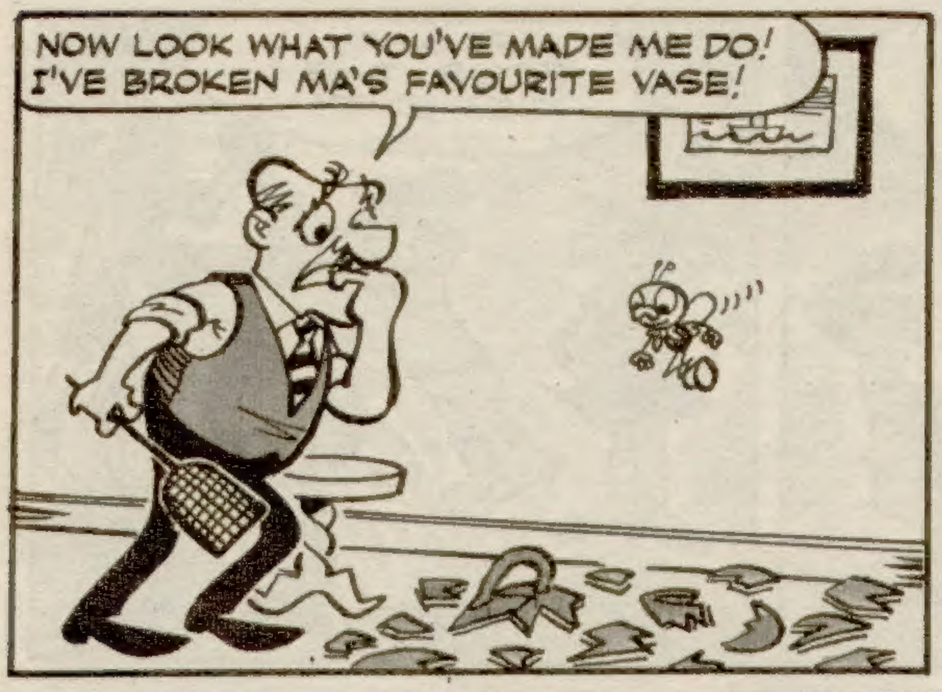


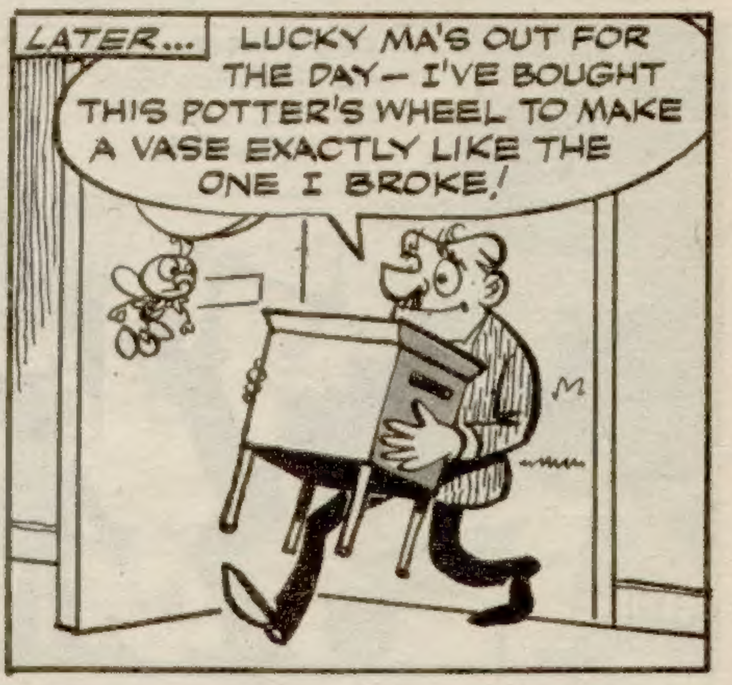


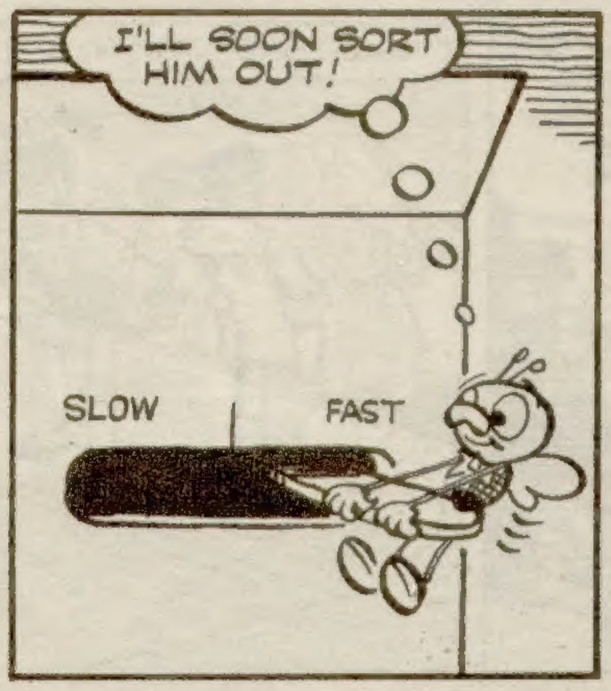
There's a N—ice load of fun in store for the Terrors next week.

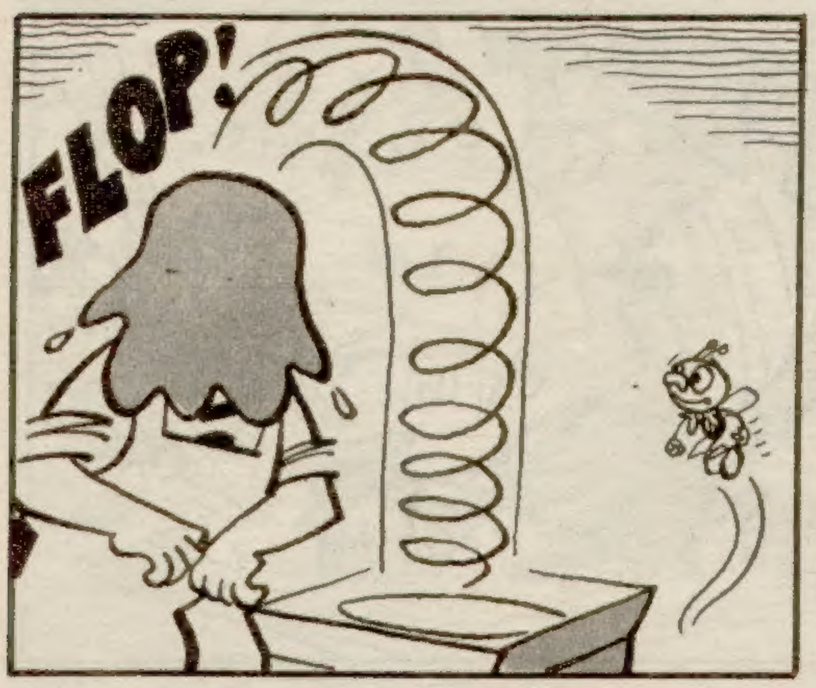
MIGHTY MOTH

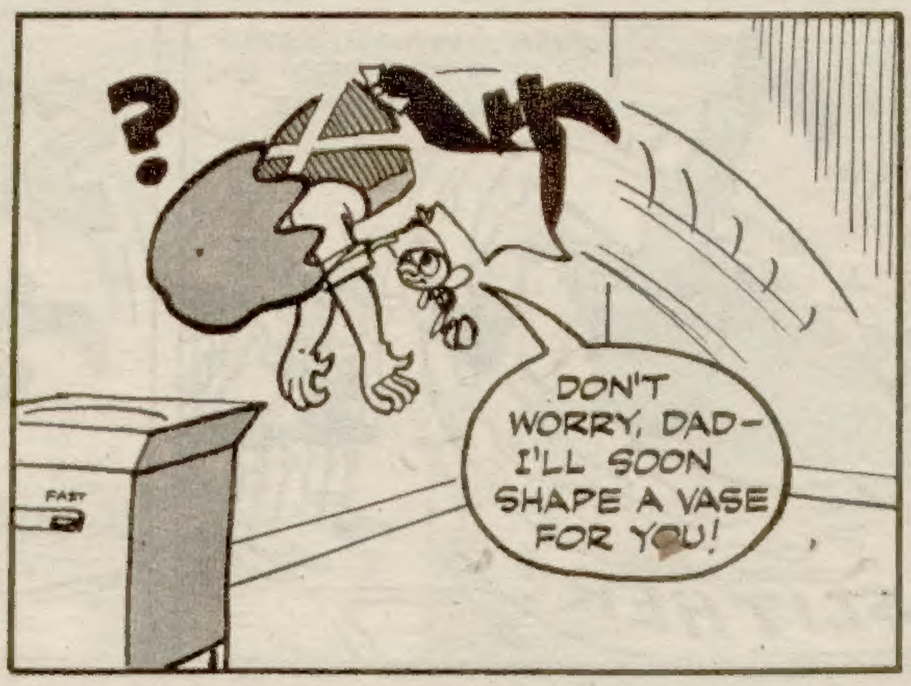


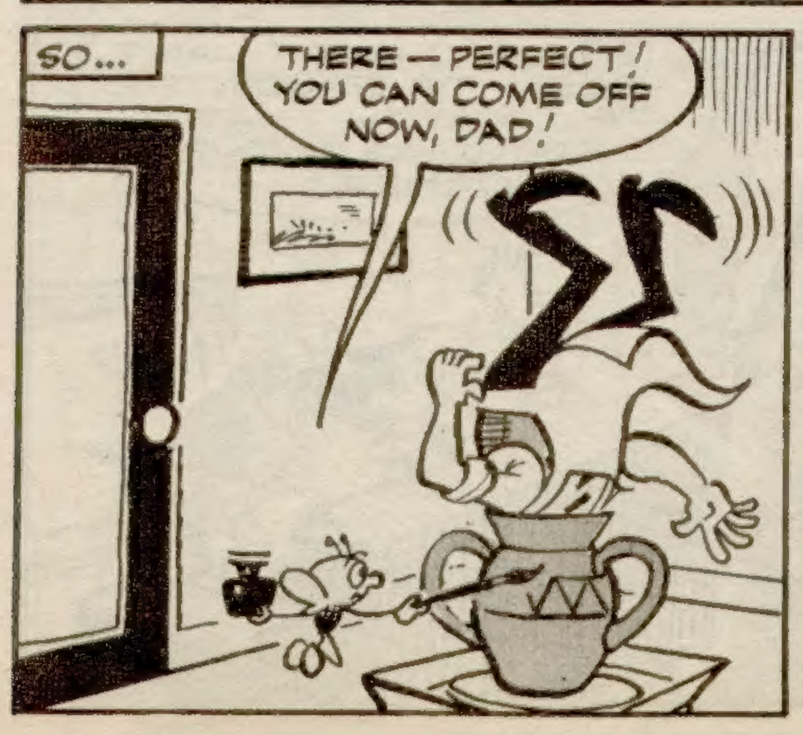


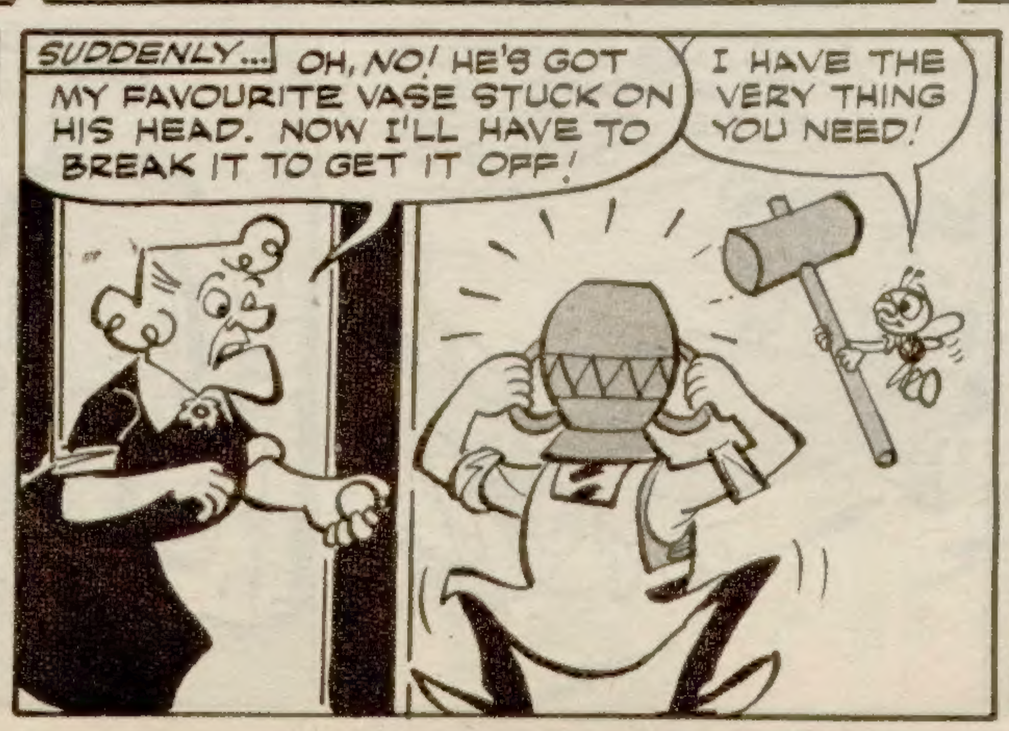






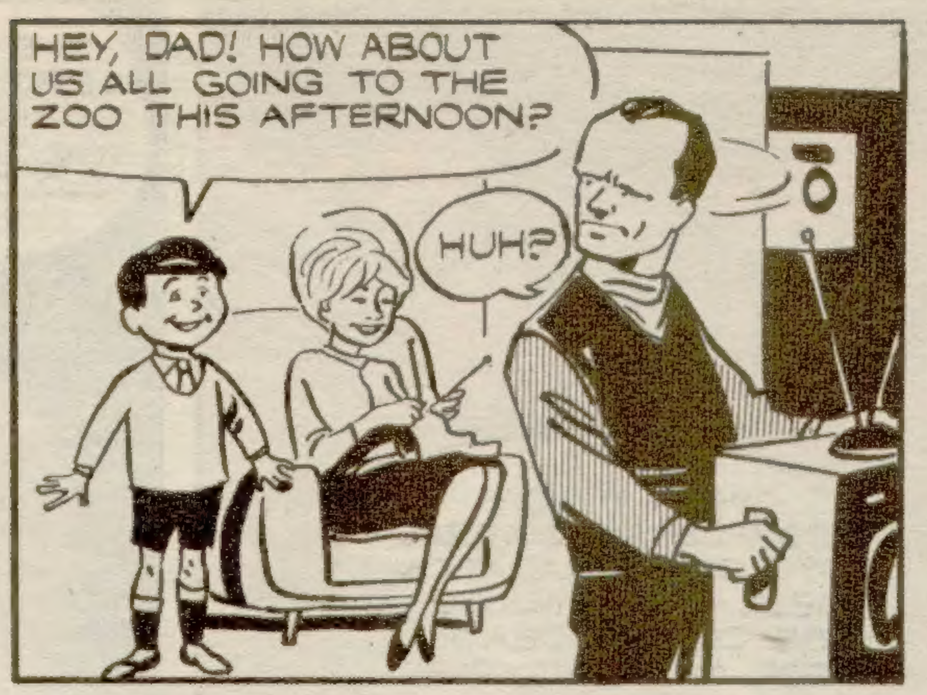


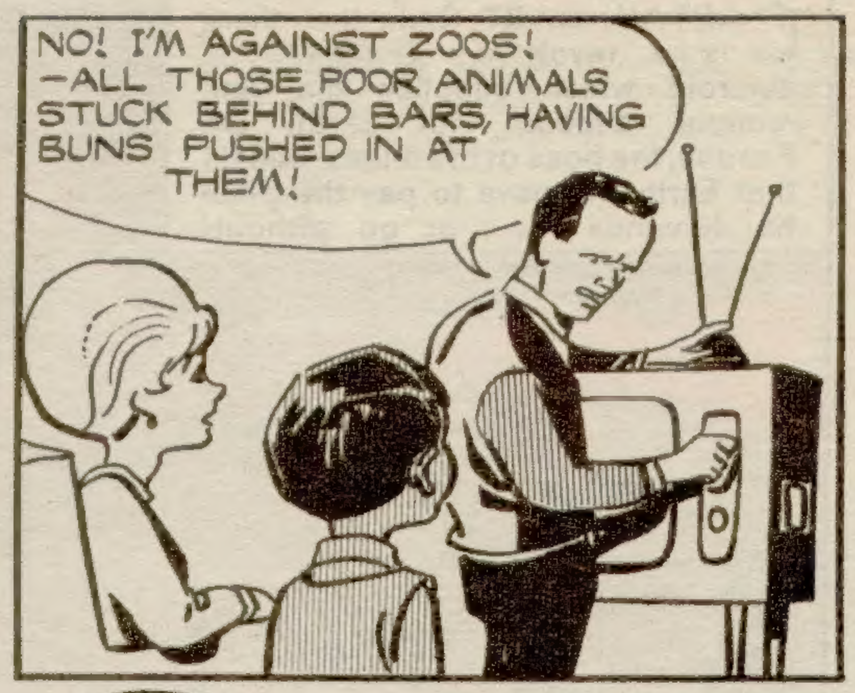


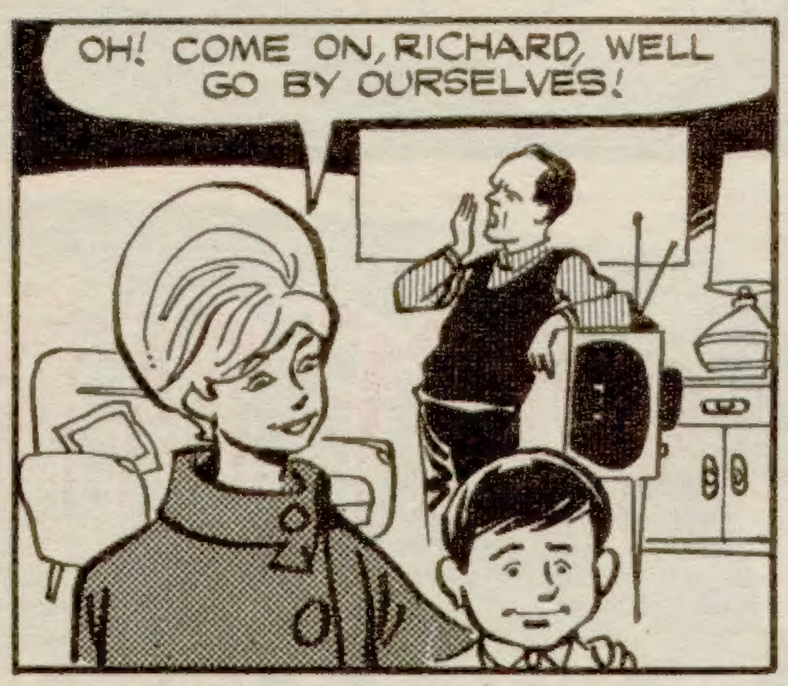

SUDDENLY...
OH, NO! HE'S GOT MY FAVOURITE VASE STUCK ON HIS HEAD. NOW I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT TO GET IT OFF!
I HAVE THE VERY THING YOU NEED!

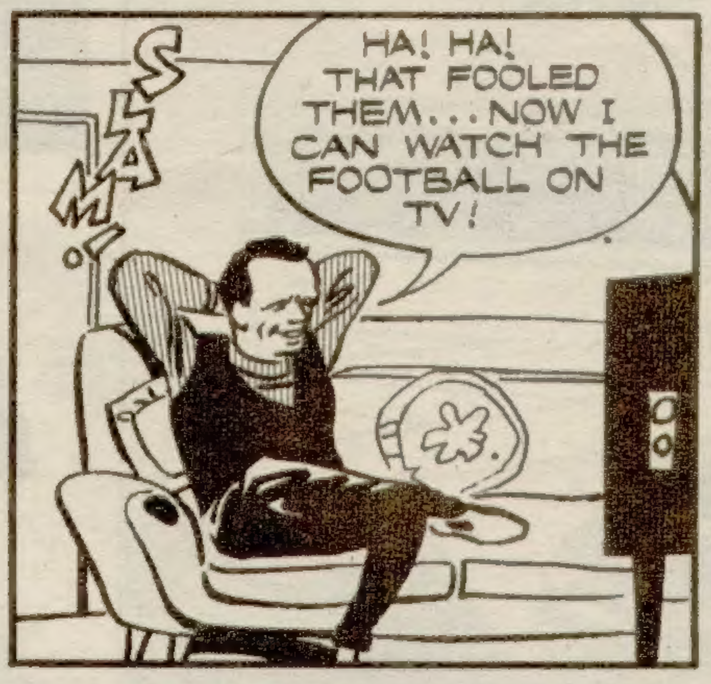
There's CLOWNING in next week's Mighty Moth.

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

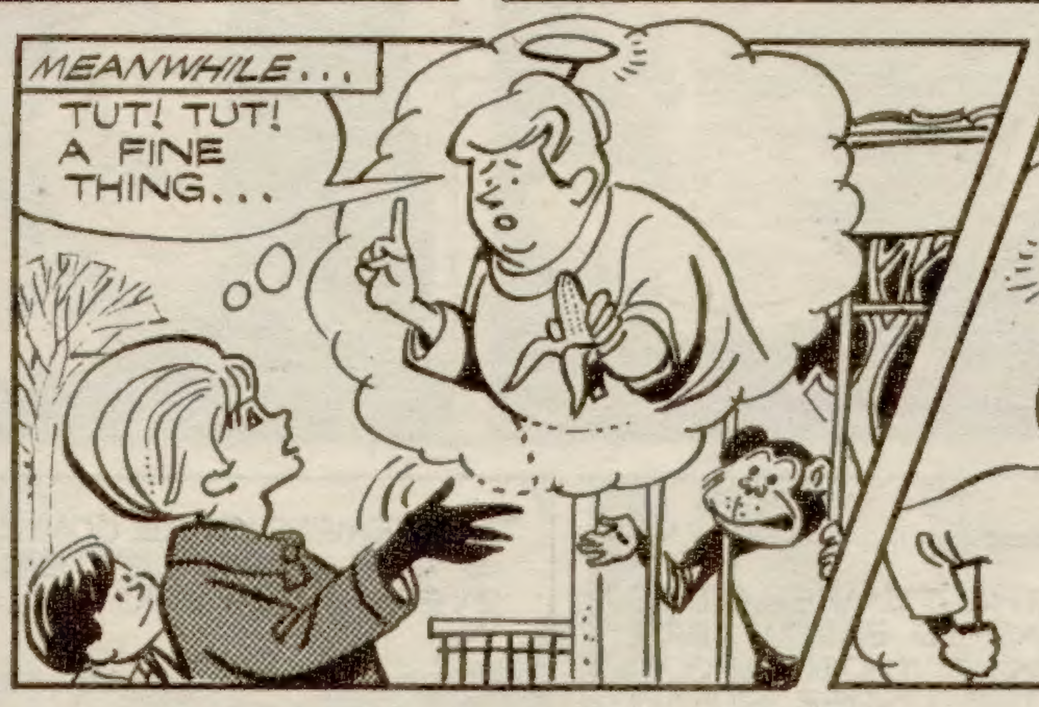








I DID! I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE AND I THINK YOU'RE BEING A SELFISH OLD MEANIE! SO THERE!
IF I HURRY I'LL CATCH THEM UP!
W...E...L...L ... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!



WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE ENGINEER YOU'D BETTER HAVE A SNACK!
HO! HO! WHAT WILL YOU HAVE TO FOLLOW YOUR SOUP DAD? A BANANA OR SOME MONKEY NUTS?

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Dickie puts his foot in it next week.

CAPTAIN DART finds that there is a revolt on Omega. The asteroid which supplies the vital mineral, dectium, for Earth. Dr. Fendoe, the boss of the mines, boasts that Earth will have to pay the price he demands . . . or go without!

OMEGA IS NOW COMPLETELY COVERED BY A DEADLY RADIATION BELT, AND IT WOULD BE CERTAIN DEATH FOR ANYONE TO PASS THROUGH IT!

THE LAST FREIGHTER LEFT FOR EARTH WITH MY FINAL DEMAND FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I SET THE CLOUD MACHINE IN ACTION, CAPTAIN DART!

AND YOU INTEND TO KEEP US PRISONER UNTIL YOU GET A REPLY FROM EARTH, IS THAT IT, DR. FENDOE?

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

YES, BUT YOU ARE FREE TO GO WHERE YOU LIKE, BUT A WORD OF WARNING... *DO NOT LEAVE THE CITY AFTER NIGHTFALL!*

FENDOE WASN'T BLUFFING, PROF, THERE ISN'T A GAP IN THOSE CLOUDS!

SHURE, AN' I LIKE TO BE KN JUST *HOW* CONTROLS I

SO, THEY HAVE DECIDED TO SPY ON THE RADIATION JETS! *BUT IT IS NEAR TO SUNSET AND THEIR INFORMATION WILL BE USELESS IF THEY ARE TRAPPED OUT THERE AT NIGHT!*

LARRY!... THAT RUMBLING UNDERGROUND... AND THAT SMOKE, CAN YOU SMELL IT?

IT'S LIQUID DECTIUM ...AND THOSE FUMES ARE DEADLY POISON LARRY!

ALL IS QUIET INSIDE THE GALASPHERE AS FEARSOME COLD TURNS THE SHIP INTO A BLOCK OF ICE...

SUDDENLY THE SUN SETS...

PROF., THE TEMPERATURE HAS CRASHED BELOW ZERO! AND LOOK AT THOSE SPOUTS FROM THE UNDERGROUND GEYSERS... *THEY'RE FREEZING SOLID!*

THE TEMPERATURE CONTROL IS OUT OF ACTION SIR! EVERYTHING IS ICING UP!

WHAT CAN WE DO PROF.? WE'LL ALL BE FROZEN STIFF BY MORNING!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GO INTO THE FREEZER UNIT FOR THE NIGHT!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WELCOME THE CHANCE TO GO INTO THAT!

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Don't miss next week's super-thrilling Space Patr

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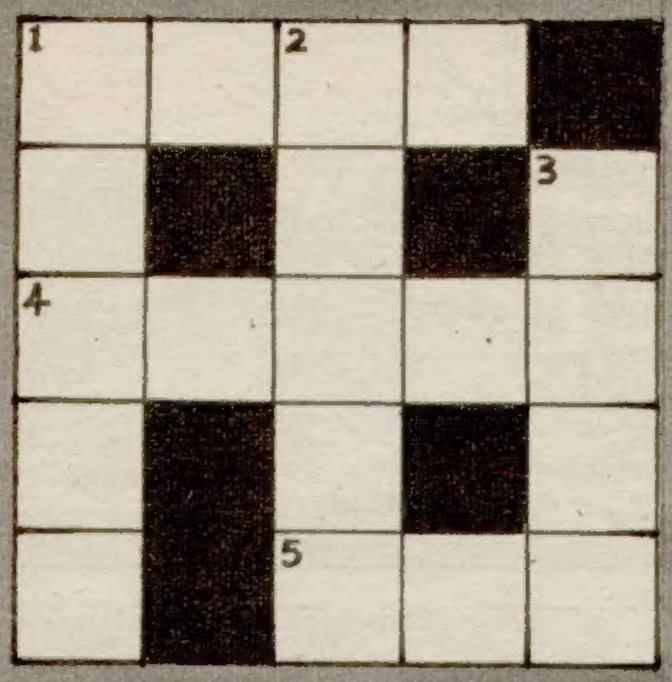
ALL IS QUIET INSIDE THE GALASPHERE AS THE FEARSOME COLD TURNS THE SHIP INTO A SOLID BLOCK OF ICE...

MEVIN

ONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

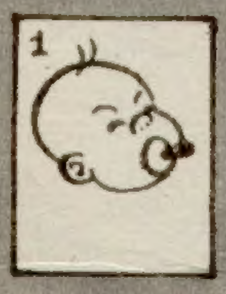
Don't miss next week's super-thrilling Space Patrol story

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

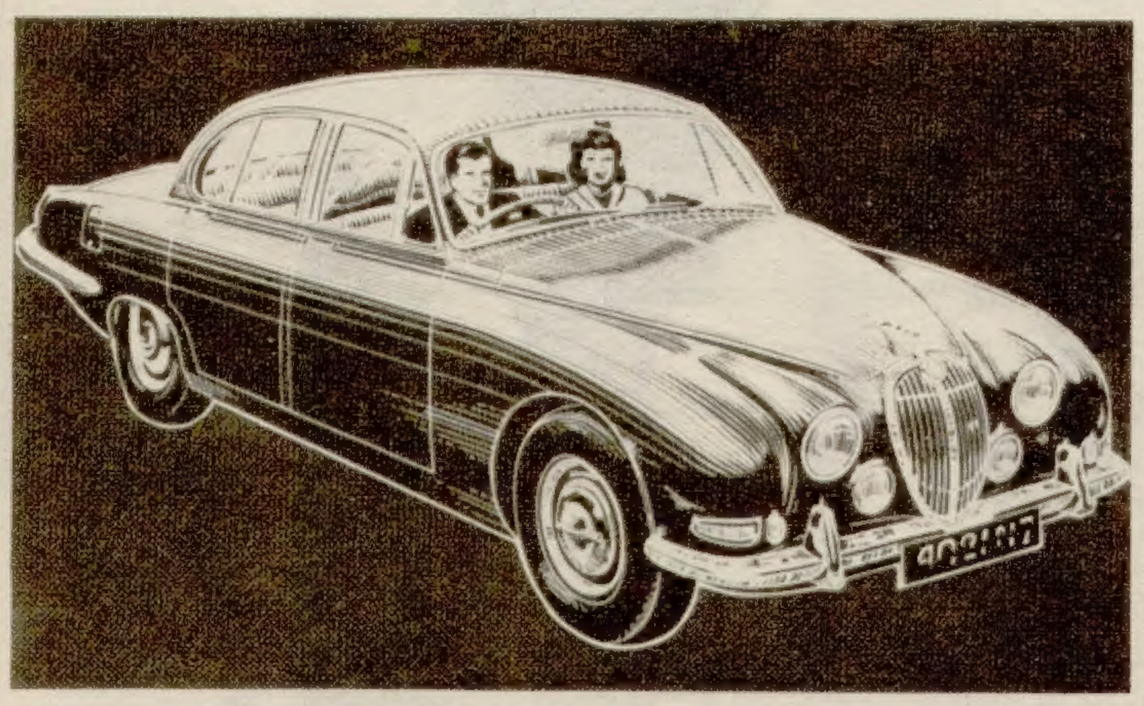
CLUES ACROSS



ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

SPOT-ON SCALE MODEL TOYS

'S' type JAGUAR



THE CAR OF THE CENTURY!

SPOT-ON 1/42 scale model of the new 'S' type Jaguar—a thrilling model to own! All-round Flexomatic suspension. Plated bumpers and radiator. Length 4¼". Cat. no. 276. Price 5/11.

SPOT-ON SCALE MODEL TOYS

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exciting colour portraits of OLLIE and FRED

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ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

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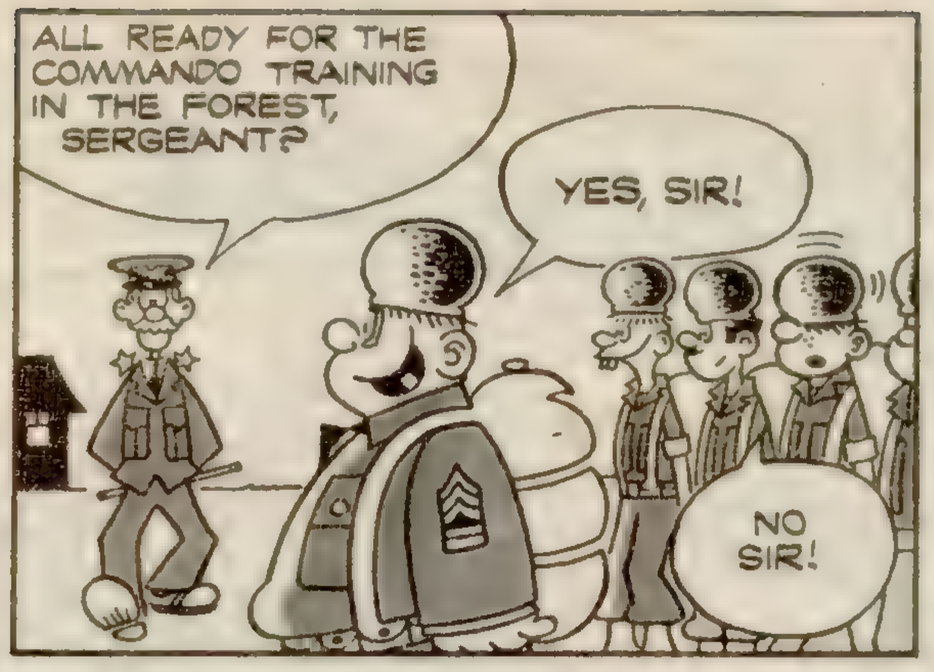
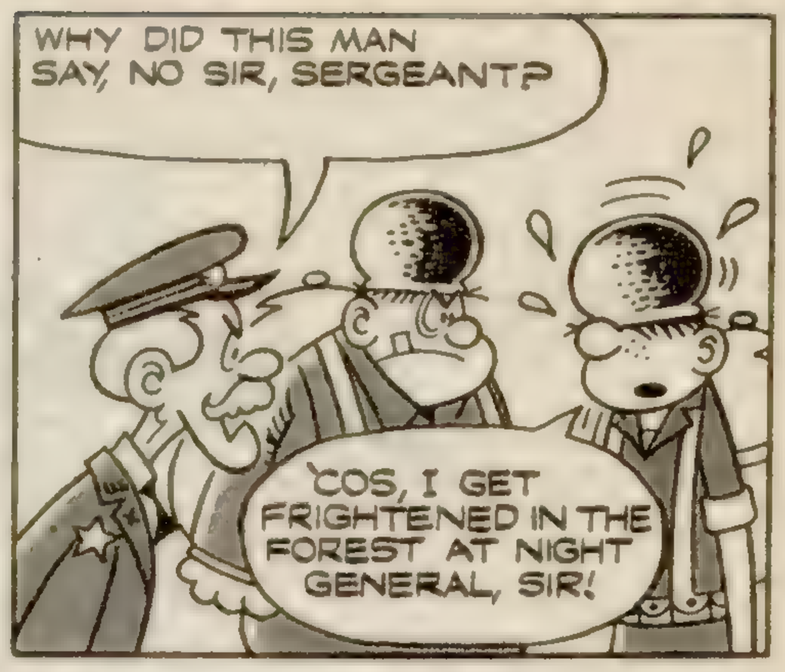
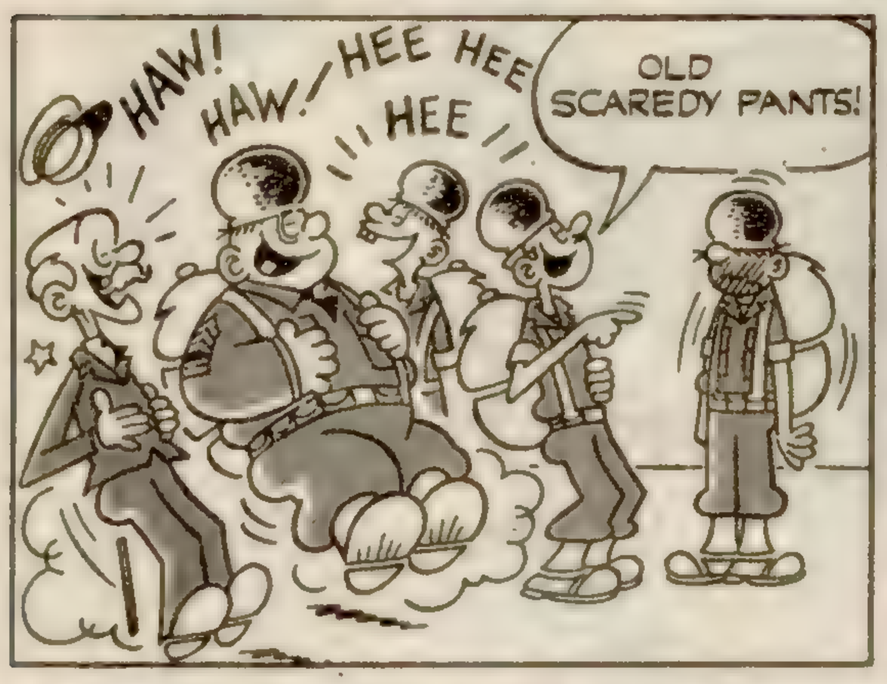
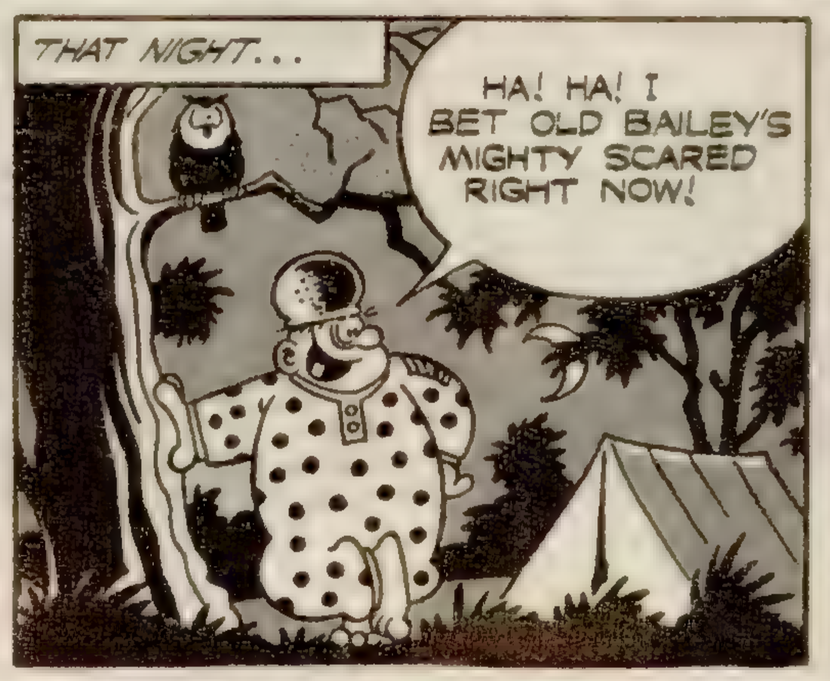
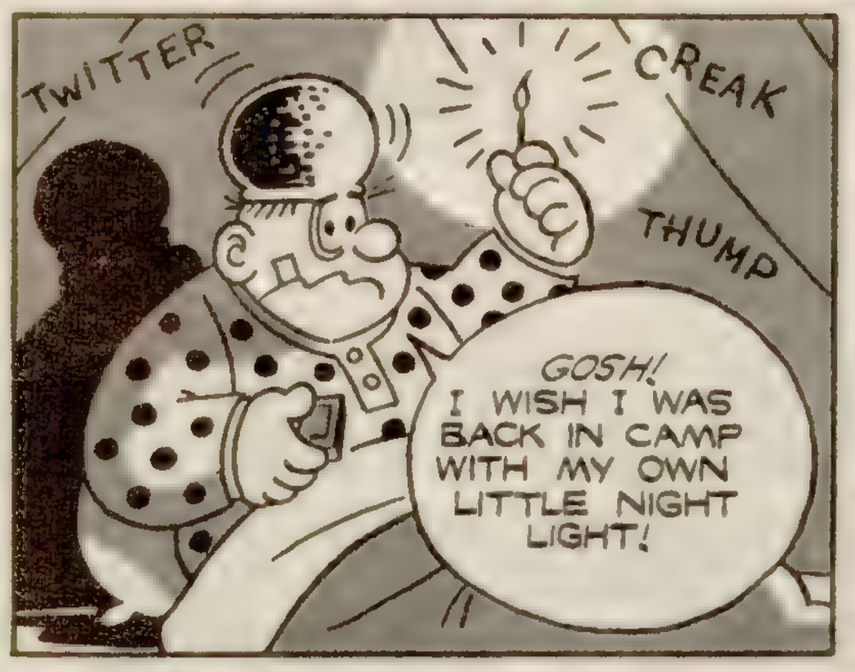
BEETLE BAILEY

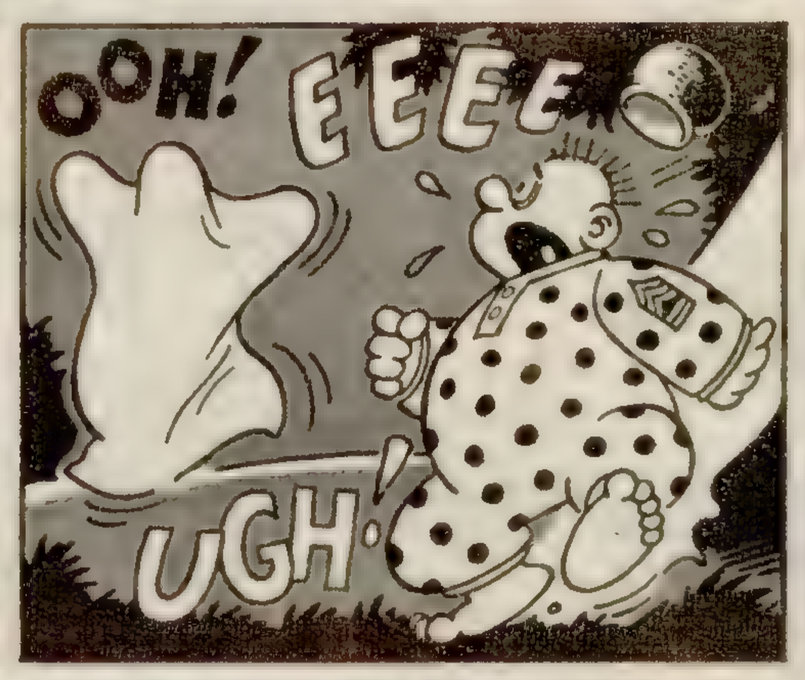


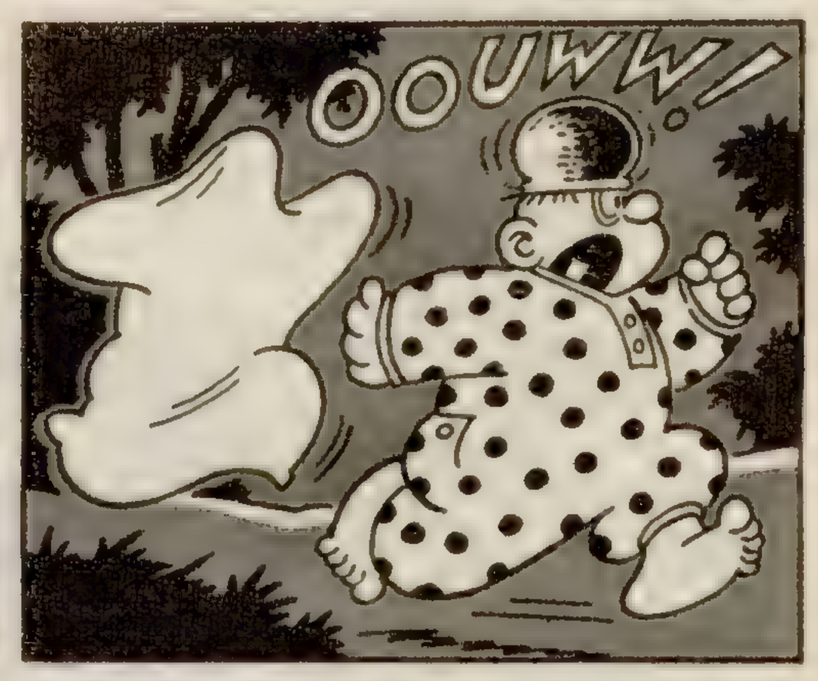


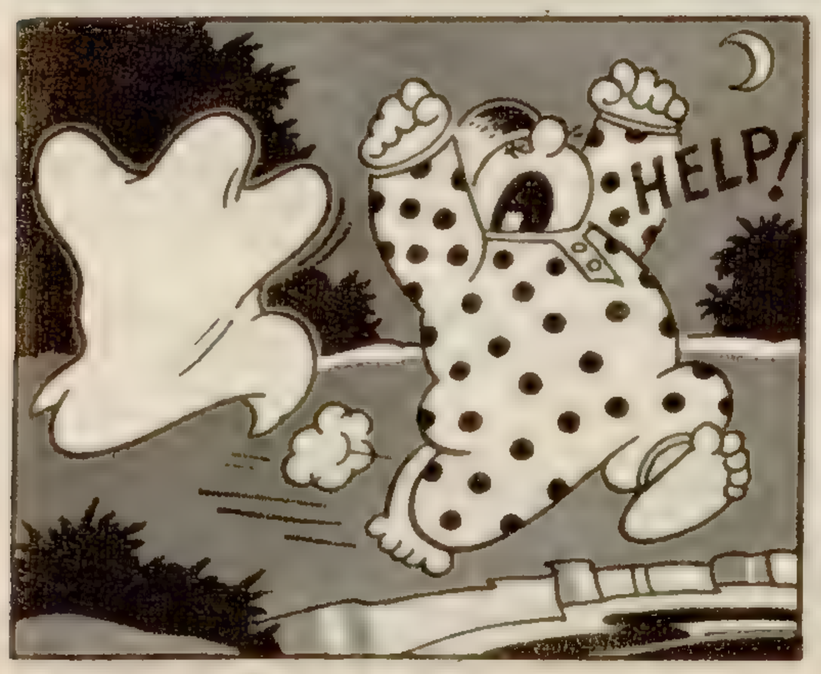


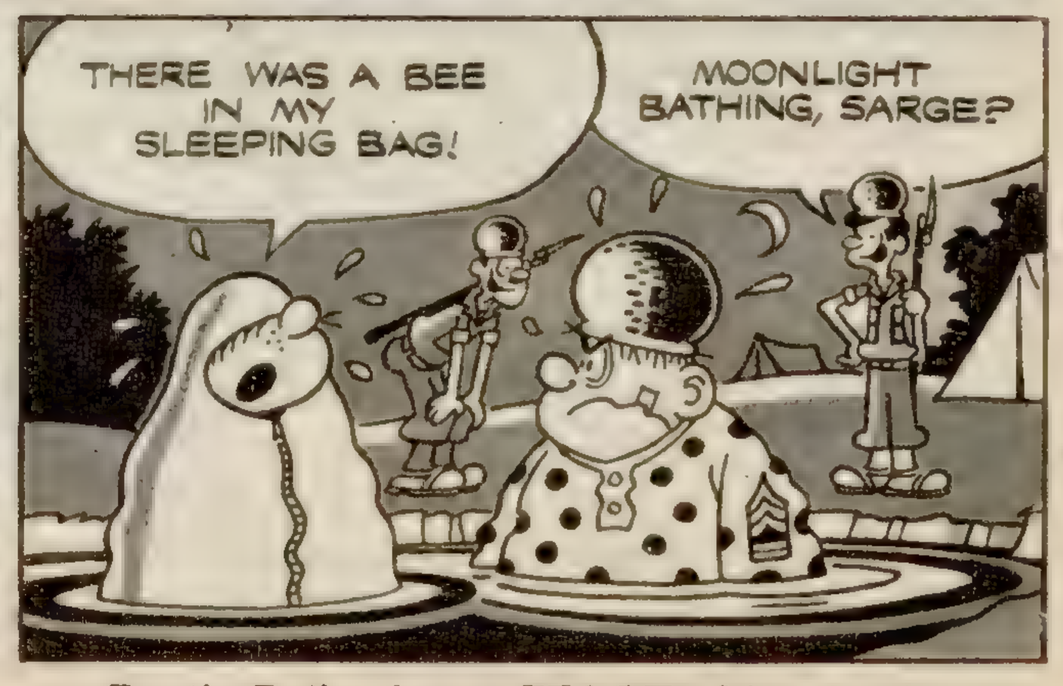












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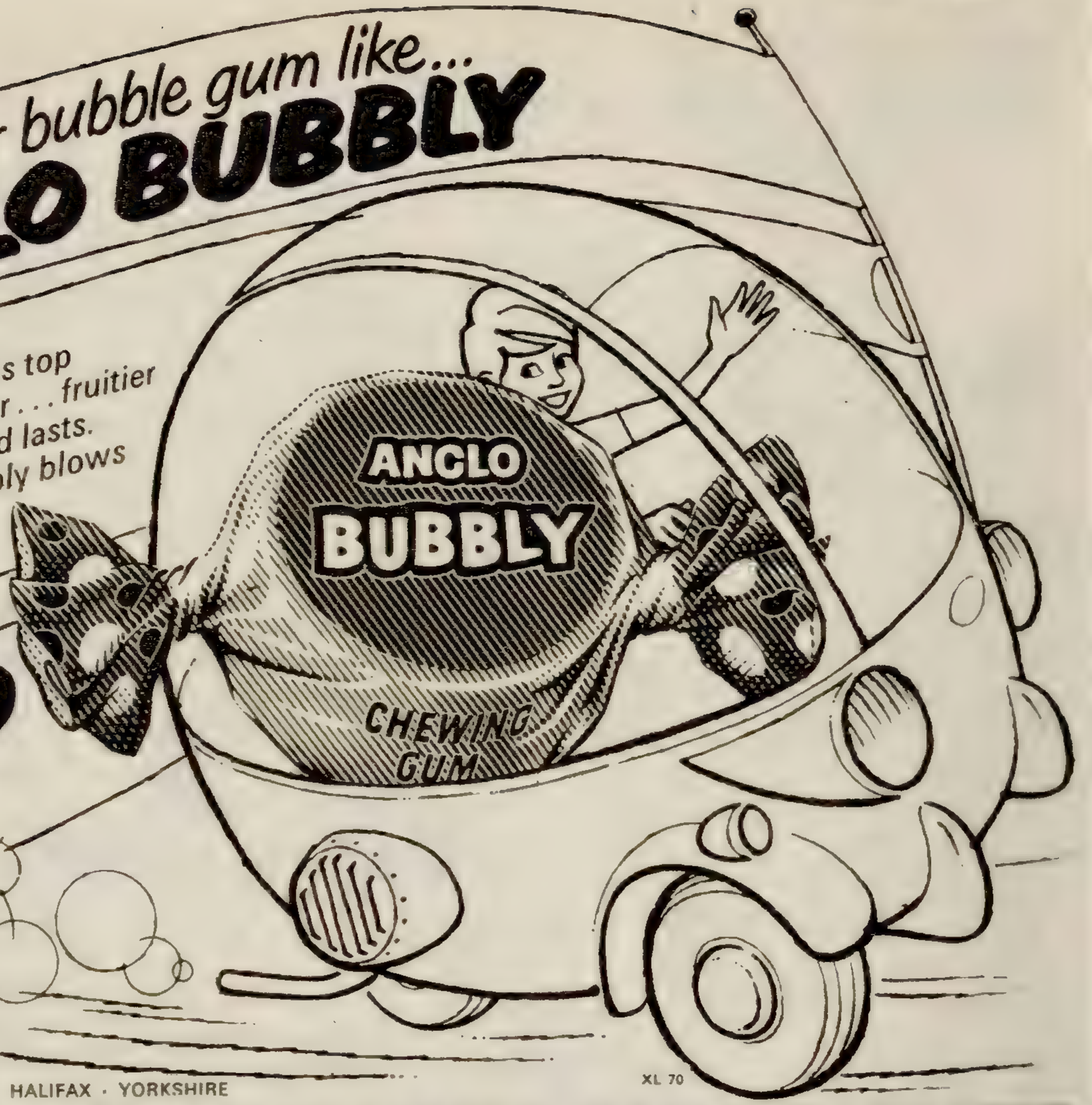
Beetle Bailey has a FEAST of fun next week.

There's no other bubble gum like... ANGLO BUBBLY

Anglo Bubbly is the world's top bubble gum. It's . . . chewier . . . fruitier . . . and the flavour lasts and lasts. And of course, Anglo Bubbly blows the biggest bubbles of all.

Smashing Value 1D



XL 70

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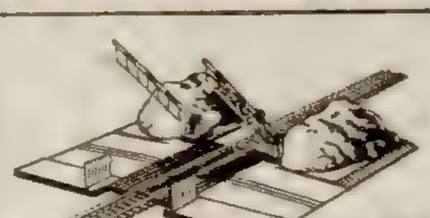
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Here are just a few examples from the Playcraft Railways range :
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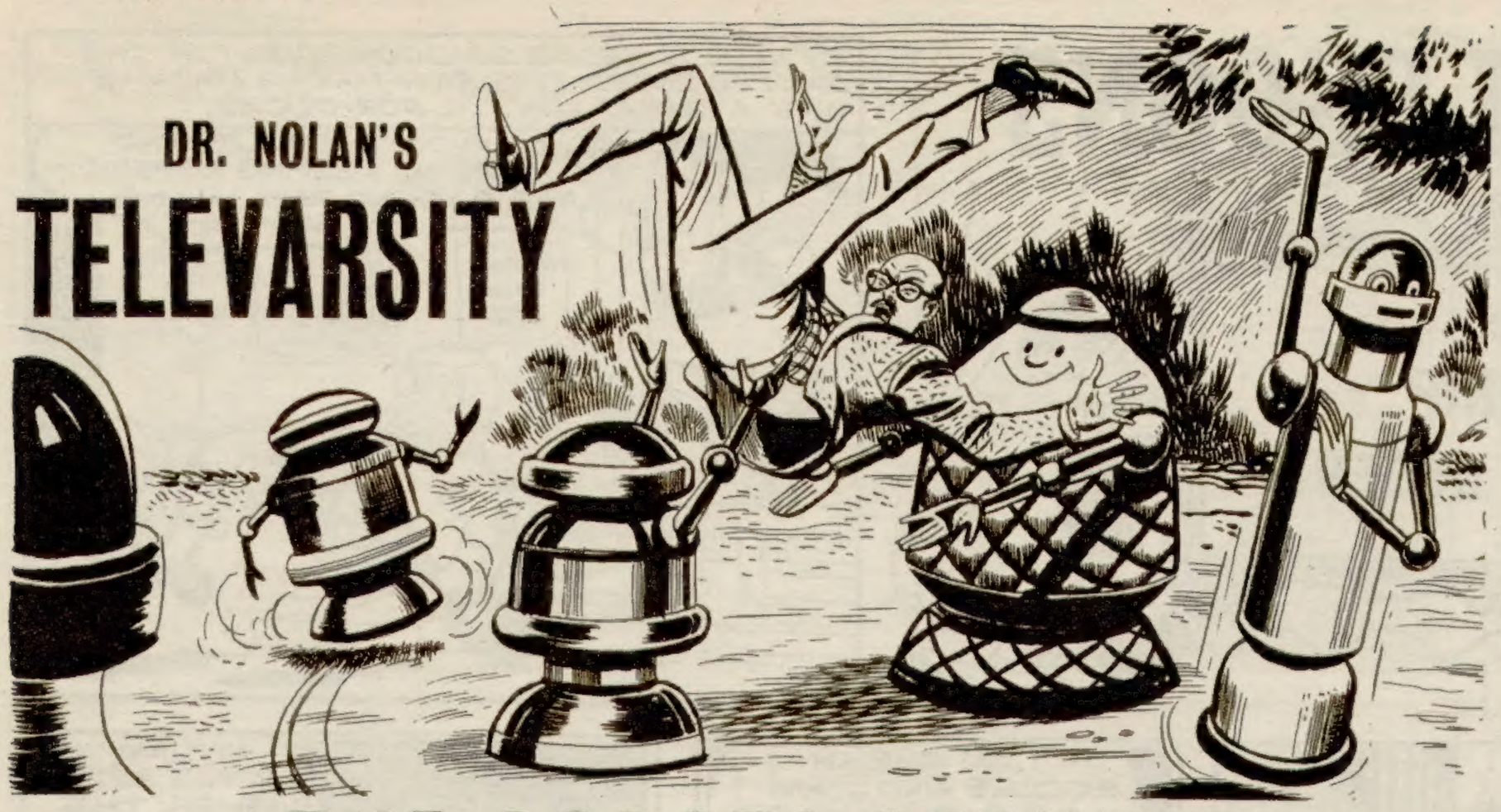
THE ONLY TRAINS WORTH CATCHING

Playcraft RAILWAYS



DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY

THE ROBOTS RETURN

GRANTHAM was shocked when he heard Dr. Nolan's voice on the phone. The boys of Tele-Varsity had rushed out of their classrooms and were having a joyous time in the grounds, and Dr. Nolan wanted his robots back to round them up.

"But—but they're all dismantled!" Grantham exclaimed.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Dr. Nolan. "Put them together again—er—remantle them immediately."

Dr. Nolan was in a fix. Trying to improve his college, he had got rid of the mechanical robots and made everything electronic. But the place had become so quiet and lifeless it had got on the boys' nerves.

Grantham did his best to put things right. Rushing round the workshop, he set his two assistants, Harry and Bill, to the task of assembling the robots. But, meantime, there was a stirring scene round the lake at TeleVarsity.

Most of the boys were doing as they pleased, Kane and Grogan, with bent pins, string and branches, were doing a bit of fishing. The members of the Third were all playing leapfrog. Tom Ranger, the captain, was trying to restore order.

"You idiot!" he shouted at Bodger. "You started all this!"

"Yoo-hoo!" yelled Tich Willis, leapfrogging over one of his pals and crashing into Tom. "Good old Bodger! He started all this!"

Tom staggered on the edge of the lake and grabbed his pal Digger to save himself, and the next moment there was a great splash.

Young Tich yelled more gleefully than ever. Tom and Digger falling into the lake seemed to him great fun.

Tom and Digger felt mad. Digger started having a row with Tom for pulling him in, while Tom felt like having a row with everybody.

Their task of restoring order was hopeless. The boys were jubilant with their unexpected freedom.

But Grantham was gradually getting the robots assembled. In half an hour he had them loaded on to a lorry, and presently he drove rapidly into the grounds.

Dr. Nolan was waiting to meet him.

"Thank goodness you've come, Grantham! I did not dream my boys could be so unruly."

"They can't be any worse than robots," Grantham gulped as he unloaded them. "I haven't had time to test these things, but we put them all together again just as they were."

In this, Grantham was slightly mistaken. When he started them up, the robots worked all right, but they were not quite the robots they used to be. Some of the parts had got a bit mixed, and Pete, the PT robot, seemed uncertain what was expected of him.

His first act was to take hold of Dr. Nolan and give him a good shaking; Dr. Nolan yelling wildly. Then Pete turned his attention to Grantham and gave the engineer a lesson in judo. As Grantham went flying over the robot's shoulder, Harry and Bill climbed back into the lorry.

"We'll wait here for you, guv'nor," said Harry.

The lorry was the only safe place. The other robots, whose duties were various, were as mixed up as Pete. One of the gardener robots tried watering Grantham as he lay on the ground, while several others seized Dr. Nolan with their mechanical arms and tried to put him in the van.

Dr. Nolan yelled for help!

This was hardly surprising, but it came as a great surprise to the boys. Round the lake, they heard his voice, and everybody stopped whatever they were doing and listened.

"Help! Help!" yelled Dr. Nolan.

Bodger started to run towards the school building.

"That's Dr. Nolan's voice!" he cried. "He must be in trouble!"

There was no doubt about that! Failing to get the headmaster into the van because he was too heavy for them, the little robots were now carrying him off to some destination unknown.

"Coo!" exclaimed Bodger as he burst out of the trees and saw what was happening. "Rescue, chaps! Something's gone wrong somewhere."

Everybody had followed Bodger as usual. Even Tom and Digger, dripping with lake water, were in the crowd. And the boys set up such a shout at the sight of Dr. Nolan in trouble, the little robots went completely wrong. They dropped the headmaster on his head and started going round in circles.

"Stop them!" shouted Grantham, who had struggled to his feet. "Switch them off, boys! They're acting on sound signals!"

It was a good job there were plenty of boys to do the job. With whoops and yells, they fell upon the little robots and eventually found their switches. They also helped Dr. Nolan to his feet and crowded round him, Dr. Nolan looking dazed.

"Th—th—thank you, boys!" he gasped. "Er — what happened?"

"You were being kidnapped, sir," cried Bodger. "We all came to the rescue."

Thinking it over, Dr. Nolan realized this was true. At the same time, he could not help remembering that the boys had somehow been the cause of it. Being a kindly man, however, he decided to say nothing about it.

So Bodger did not even get fifty lines, let alone five hundred. And when the robots were properly installed again everybody was happy.

It was so lovely and noisy .....!

MORE TELEVARSITY NEXT WEEK

PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS

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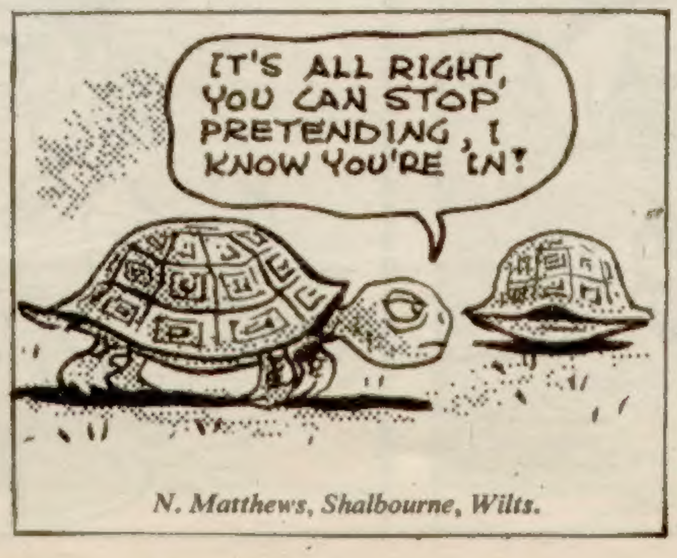
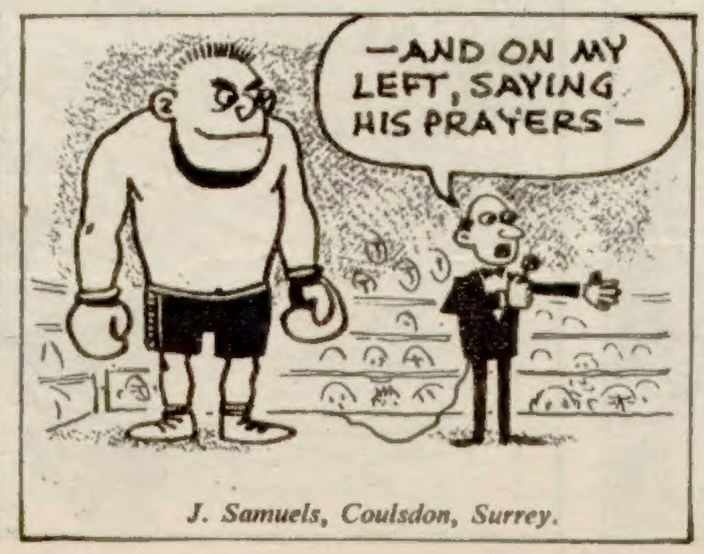
PICK OF THE JOKES

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



N. Matthews, Shalbourne, Wilts.



J. Samuels, Coulsdon, Surrey.

T. Paton, Manchester.

THE TELEGOONS

IN

A DRIP TO THE DESERT

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, INVENTOR. THE DAY I INVENTED THE RAIN-MAKING MACHINE WAS A GREAT DAY. . . FOR DUCKS!"

YOU KNOW THE RULES—NO GUITARS, NO KEEPING KIPPERS IN THE BATH, NO RAIN-MAKING MACHINES!

BOARDING HOUSE

"THEN, AS WE WANDERED SADLY THROUGH THE CITY. . ."

WHO IS THIS ARAB-TYPE SHEIKH WHO STANDS GIGGLING IN THE RAIN?

DA! I AM SHEIKH ECCLES AND I AM HAVING A LOVELY HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND—IT'S RAINED EVERY DAY!

AT LAST, MY LITTLE BOTTLE WASHER! THIS IS OUR GREAT CHANCE!

LET US DASH OFF TO THE DESERT AND MAKE A FORTUNE BY BRINGING RAIN TO THOSE PERISHING PARCHED SANDS!

DA. . . IF YOU CAN BRING WATER-TYPE CLOUDS TO THE GOON DESERT, I WILL REWARD YOU WITH THE FINEST TROVE IN MY TREASURE.

HEAR THAT, MORIATY?

EVERY TIME IT RAINS, IT RAINS PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!

LATER, IN THE DESERT. . .

HEH! HEH! I'LL REMOVE THE BRAKE SHOES FROM NEDDIE'S MACHINE SO THAT ONCE HE STARTS THE RAIN HE WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP IT!

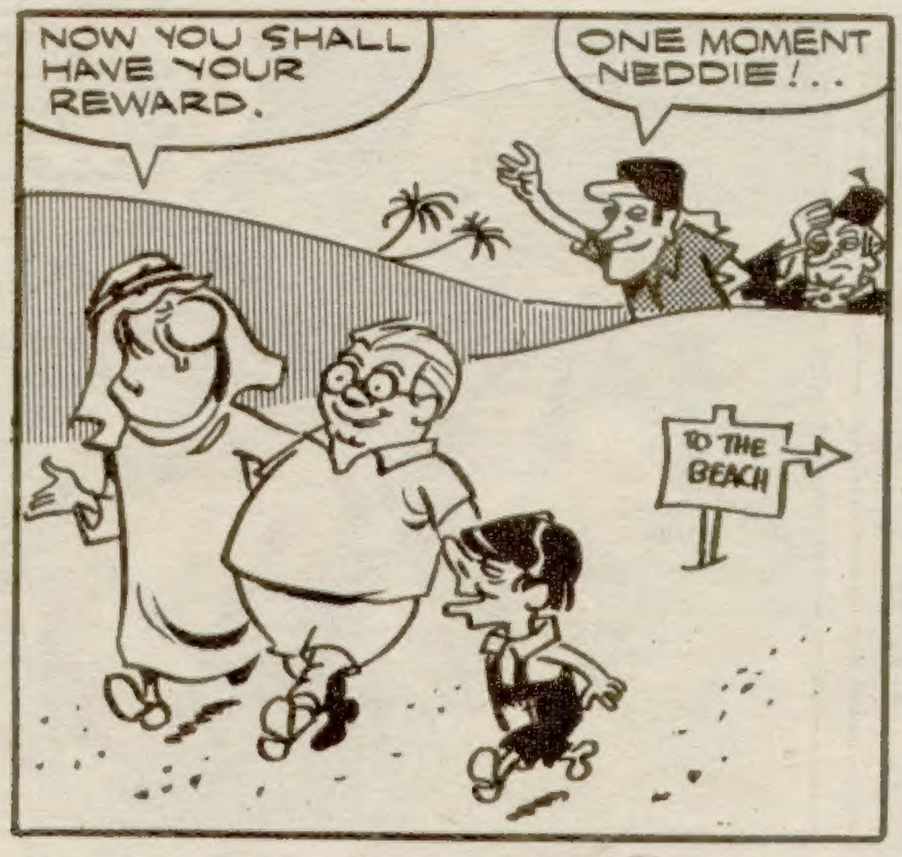
SO. . . JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE DESERT IS FLOODED! NOW TO STOP THE MACHINE AND CLAIM THE TREASURE!

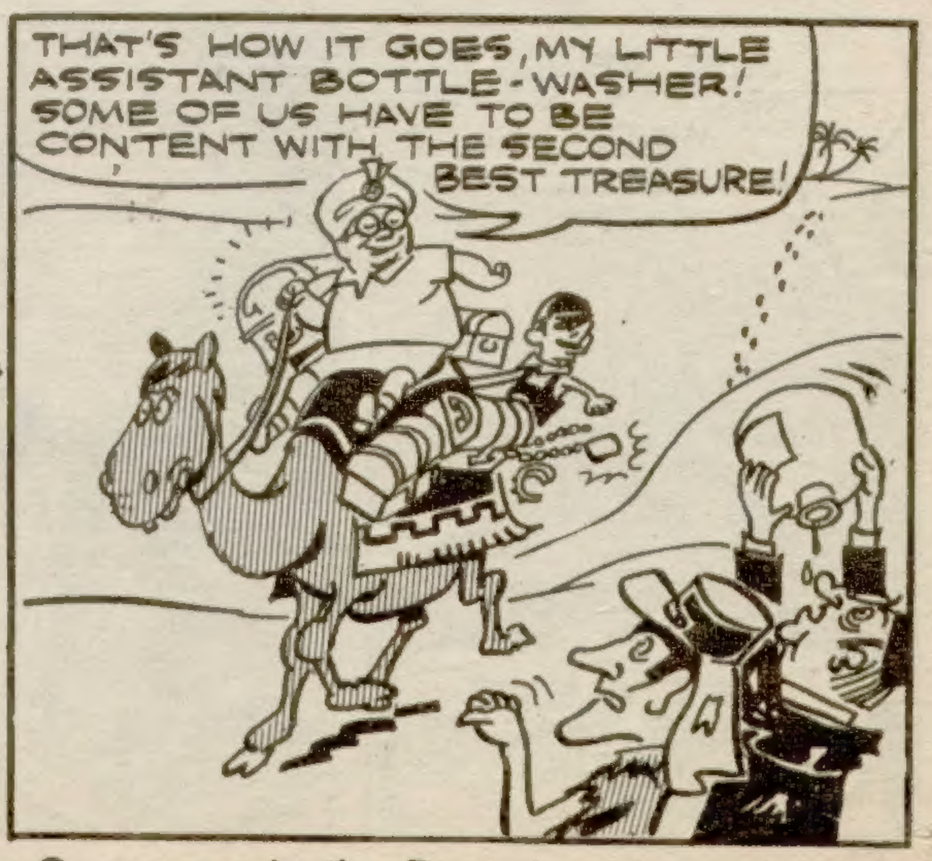
HELP!

WELL DONE, MORIARTY! THAT'S STOPPED THE MACHINE!

SKIP OF THE DESERT

AH, NEDDY! IT SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE A LOAD OF FLOATING TYPE BOATS FOR SALE!
EGAD! LET ME HAVE THEM AND YOU SHALL HAVE MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE!

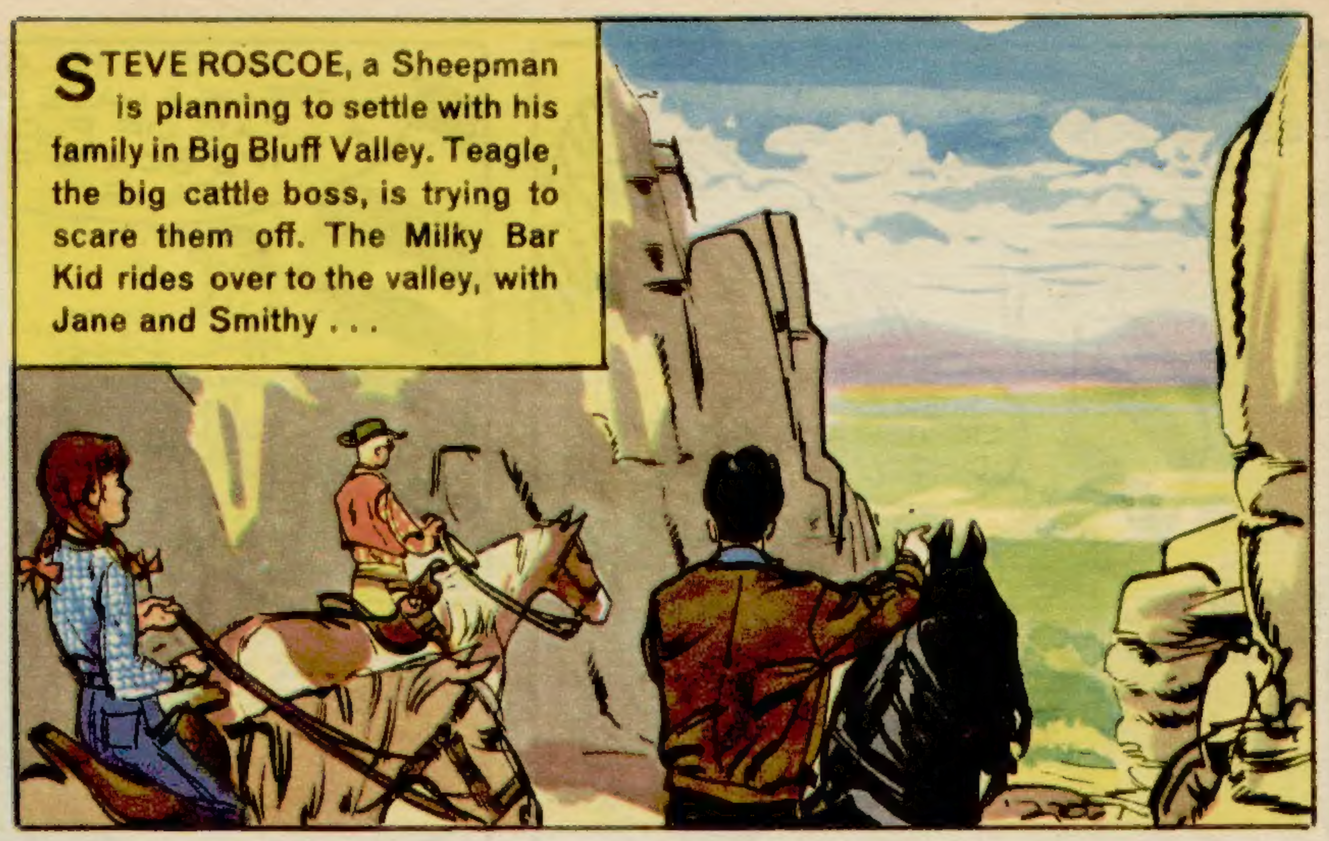


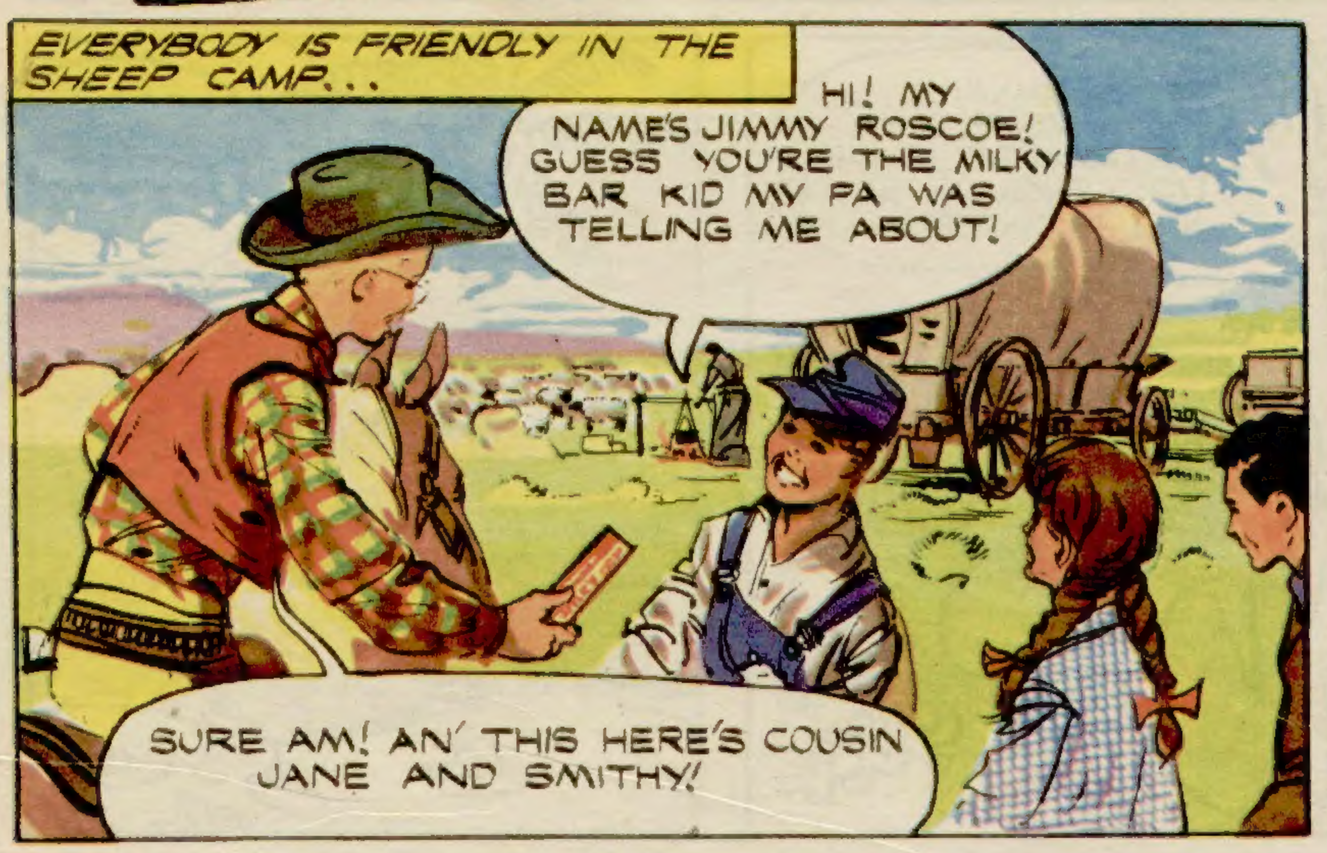


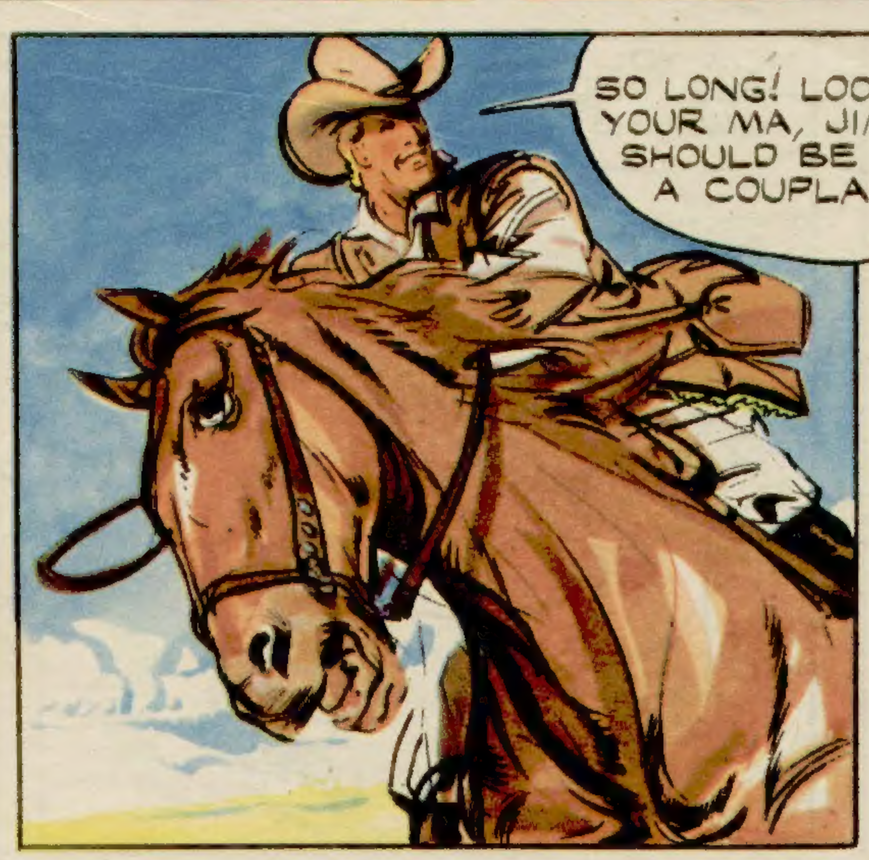
The Goons are in the Desert again next week.

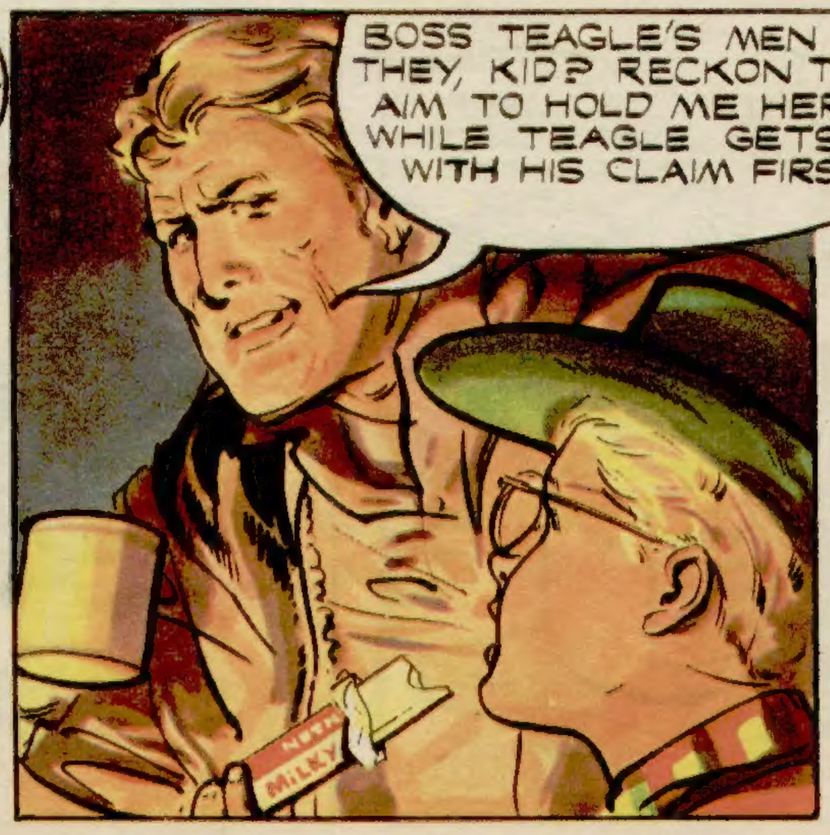
The MILKY BAR KID

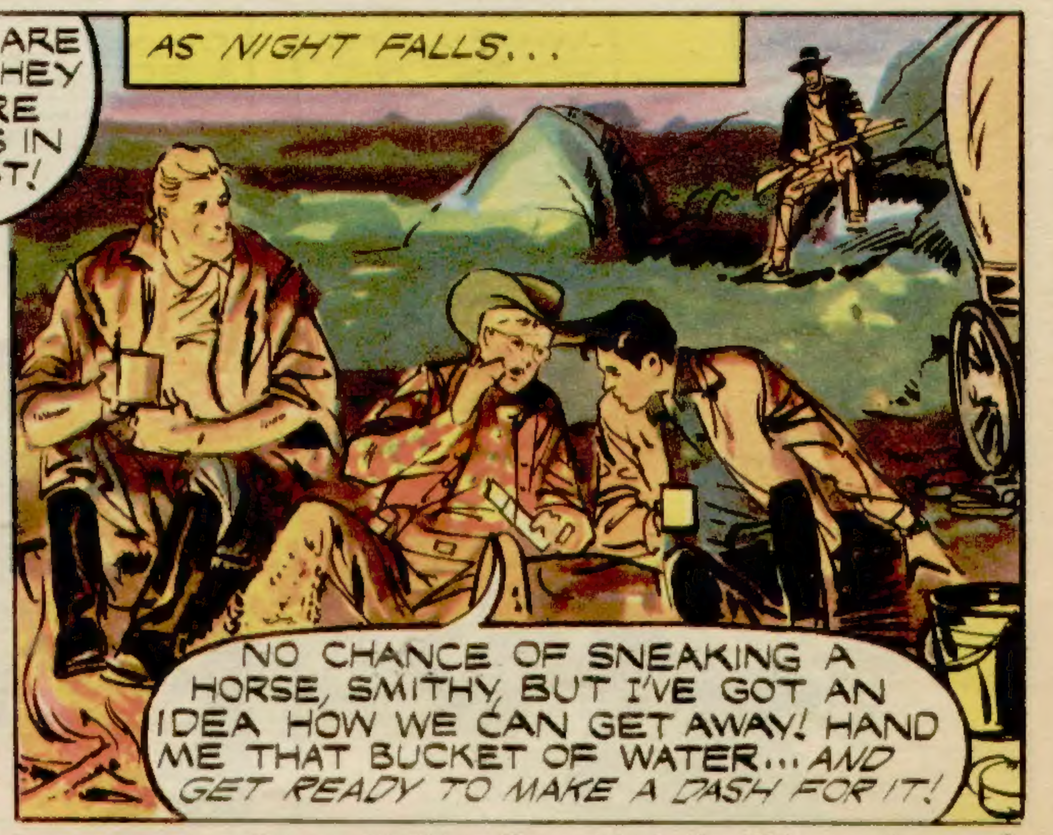
STEVE ROSCOE, a Sheepman is planning to settle with his family in Big Bluff Valley. Teagle, the big cattle boss, is trying to scare them off. The Milky Bar Kid rides over to the valley, with Jane and Smithy . . .




EVERYBODY IS FRIENDLY IN THE SHEEP CAMP...
HI! MY NAME'S JIMMY ROSCOE! GUESS YOU'RE THE MILKY BAR KID MY PA WAS TELLING ME ABOUT!
SURE AM! AN' THIS HERE'S COUSIN JANE AND SMITHY!






AS NIGHT FALLS...
NO CHANCE OF SNEAKING A HORSE, SMITHY, BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN GET AWAY! HAND ME THAT BUCKET OF WATER... AND GET READY TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week